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VOLUME V

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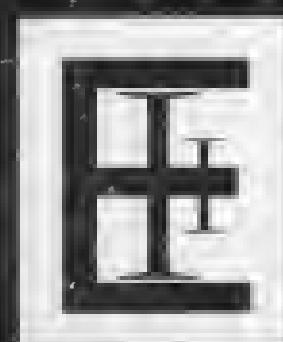


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THE BLACK BOOK

VOLUME V



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by
Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
with
**Dr. Jack Willis, Crag Jensen, S. Jason Black,
Howard Campbell & Jonathan Sellers**

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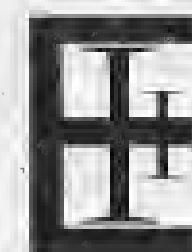
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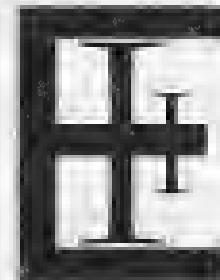
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The symbol you see is that of the "Extreme Individual Institute™."

The goal of the institute is simple: to assist extreme individuals to become who they are.

This work is for that 10% of marginal people who desire to become greater than they are now. It is not a forum or discussion or argument.

The methods of the Institute are simple: "work" in the arena of the obvious as well as the sublime. However, we are only concerned with results and not moralism—what a person does with his power is his business.

Work is done individually via both personal contact and the internet, plus a yearly coming together done either in the physical or on the internet. There is a strict entrance exam and monthly payments are required for the operation of the Institute.

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A DAY AT THE ZOO

BY CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.
&
DR. JACK WILLIS

This article picks up from *Black Book IV*'s article: *Extreme Living*.



Here is your chance to have a fun day at our zoo. Read the descriptions of our inmates below and respond honestly to our quizzes. Once you get familiar with our critters, make up a list of your own. You can find these guys everywhere and if you are lucky you may find a pure type. If you, do drop us a line or start your own "Believe it or Not." A fun thing to do is find different types and imagine how they would look if they bred. Using our descriptions you might also find out some things about yourself... While this can be embarrassing, it will also prove to be enlightening and will make your journey out of heaven and hell a little more fun.

Cage 1: Clam Crack Me If You Can

Our first animal is the clam. A clam is a closed little animal which protects itself by hiding within a rough outer shell. Once the clam has a hiding place among the rocks it rarely moves. To find it you must search it out and crack its outer shell to get at the tender meat inside.

Our human clam has many different shells. He can take the form of being silent so no one can reach him or communicate with him. He can be busy hiding behind projects or deadlines or hobbies. He can play shy and wait for the world to come to him; or he can be distant and dare the world to disturb him.

The clam likes to present a picture of being self-contained. In some people this reaches the point of appearing haughty or standoffish. If he is a silent clam, he needs no other technique: his silence is always at hand to keep others away. Call him secretive, or cold, or distant, or suspicious; he is a clam in his safe relationship. This clam goes by the rule that what you don't reveal about yourself won't be held against you. He takes the fifth amendment toward life.

At work the clam can withdraw behind the shell of a crowded desk or a closed door. He can isolate himself behind lots of memos or behind an attitude that says "please don't bother me, I have too much work to do." He can use his secretary to form a shield or, if he is high enough, he can use a chain of command so that only his inner circle can ever reach him.

At home the clam has a multitude of pre-made shells to hide behind: television, newspapers, hobbies, the kids, the relatives, sports, night school, magazines, community or charity work, political activity, and on it goes. Each of these things involves the clam in some time-consuming activity that prevents him from having to deal with life.

The family of the clam learns to adjust. Sometimes they try to get involved in his projects, but that seldom works. The clam does not want family involvement; he wants to be *exempt* from involvement.

A common method of the clam is to get involved in work. This provides two advantages. First, it maintains his safe clam relationship by getting

him away from a relationship with his family. Second, it often provides him with money which he can use to substitute from sharing himself. You can't have me, he says, but here is some money; go buy a substitute.

With friends the clam is usually uncomfortable unless he can find something to do that will keep himself and often others occupied with things and not people. Sporting events, howling leagues and card games are good for that. Anything will work as long as it puts something between him and other people.

The clam has a safe relationship of hiding, of not getting close to people. He has a feared relationship of closeness or involvement; and a catastrophic relationship of loving or being loved.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 2: Bloodhound

Cover Your Butt: Here Comes The Sniffer

The bloodhound has a nose specifically trained to ferret out the villain. The bloodhound goes through life assuming that everything that happens is because someone was at fault. It is the job of the bloodhound to find that person.

At the office, the watchword of the bloodhound is accountability. If the job goes well she seems not to notice. If there is a problem, however, the first concern of the bloodhound is not "how do we correct it," but "who was at fault." The bloodhound loves memos, not because they help in detailing the task, but because the memos can be used to pin blame. Sometimes the bloodhound finds just the right niche in life and becomes an auditor.

At home the bloodhound has a field day. She spends all her time trying to find out who spilled the milk, who forgot to turn out the lights, who left the refrigerator door open, who left the cap off the toothpaste..... But "who" is not her only question; she also asks the big "why". Why didn't the kids do better at school? Why are they always losing things? Why can't they remember to wash before coming to dinner? Why can't they clean up their room? Why can't he remember her birthday? On and on it goes.

With friends the bloodhound stays true to form. She comes into your house looking for smells, dust and things out of place. She is quick to recognize that you choose the cheap nut mix instead of the expensive one, and that your deviled eggs have just a bit too much mustard. She knows why your kids are spoiled, your marriage is a mess, and you are getting fat. Since the bloodhound thrives on everyone else's misde-manners, there is no such thing as innocence. If your lawn is perfect then it is because you spend too much time taking care of it. If it is not perfect it is because you don't spend enough time. If everything was perfect at the restaurant, then the food was overpriced; and if everything was not perfect, then there is always that to criticize.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 3: Bull Which One Of The Authors Is This?

Our next animal is a combination donkey, rhino, and ox; we call him the bull. The bull stubbornly goes his own way, and will charge anything that moves. If you give the bull a target, you'd better run.

The main job of the bull is to show his power by defeating everyone around him. Any time there is any movement, any time anyone tries to have a relationship with the bull, the bull must immediately establish dominance by using his safe technique.

The most common technique for the bull is stubbornness. No matter what someone says, he can find a reason why it will not work. No matter what suggestion someone makes, he can find a reason why it is not good. If he does go along, it is only as a favor to you.

At the office this bull wins his arguments by pure stubbornness. In meetings the bull's refusal to let go of his point ultimately forces everyone else to give in, either to avoid a confrontation or to get the meeting over with. Once the bull gets an idea in his head, it must come to pass.

This bull likes to be a stickler for details. A letter with a single typing error requires that the letter be rechecked thoroughly and reprinted. A report must be written with impeccable English and bound for presentation before it goes out. Desks must be cleaned each night before people leave. On the assembly line, things must be done his way—whether good or bad—simply because he is the foreman and it is his way.

At home the bull is inflexible. His ultimate weapon is "no." An especially effective technique that the stubborn bull employs is changing his mind at the last minute and simply refusing to go. That means that his family can never really be sure of what is going to happen and can never make firm plans.

With friends the bull takes the attitude that if you oppose his ideas you're killing the whole evening. If you want to go and the bull doesn't he simply refuses. If the bull wants to go and you don't, the bull goes alone.

Another variation of the bull is the person who asks for advice and then ignores it. Your advice is never any good, your solutions are never really quite adequate. The bull doesn't seem to want to know the answer to his questions—he just wants to frustrate everyone else.

At work the bull schedules meetings for half an hour before work starts or five minutes before work ends. The bull snaps at everyone, criticizes unmercifully, and resents anyone who is not sticking strictly to routine at all times.

At home the bull never stops to consider what anyone else wants. He has the answer immediately and he always knows what is correct. If you do anything different, you are wrong. Sometimes the bull uses yelling and threats, sometimes ridicule; but whatever the technique, it is all designed to show that the bull is more powerful than any other animal. At times he may use violence.

With friends the bull asks for suggestions and then does what he wants. If other people will not go along, then he simply declares the evening at an end and goes home.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Before moving on to the next animal we'd like to make a few points. We have so far looked briefly at three animals. People, of course, are not often as straightforward or as clear-cut as these portraits are. For example, people, seldom use only one safe relationship—they use several. Someone might use the bull at work, the clam in social situations, and the bloodhound at home. He might have moods, and one day be the clam and another the peacock. Further because these are short portraits, there is far more variation in real life than we have put down here. There are also many more animals than those described here and there are many ways of combining one animal with another to get a more complete and comfortable safe relationship.

Cage 4: Puppy Dog

Oh, So Cute...Even When She Pees on the Rug

Who in the world could ever hate a puppy dog? They are cute, perky and always happy. In their childlike innocence they represent the ultimate of lovability. Certainly they make mistakes, but only out of innocence. All they really want in life is to be held and petted and fed on the milk of human kindness.

The puppy dog tries very hard to do the right thing at all times. In one guise she is ultra-polite and in another quiet and retiring. At all costs she wants to avoid any unpleasantness—or at least make sure that if it comes it is not her fault. If something unpleasant does happen, the puppy dog has two stock responses. The first is a pained silence that tells you in no uncertain terms how mean, insensitive and ungrateful you are. The second is to tell you directly how hurt she is and that you are an absolute monster to deliberately kick a puppy dog.

At work the puppy dog plays cute and pleads ignorance. She is "miss-little-nice-person." You are never really sure you can count on her; but then she does try so hard, doesn't she? She tries very hard to do her work and seems terribly eager to please. She wants praise—to tell her what a good little girl she is.

If she is unable to do her work, she uses her weakness to get everyone to do it for her. Oh, it is not that she is shirking, not at all, it's just that you are so good at this stuff and she just can't seem to get the hang of it. In meetings she is so polite and charming that you feel that you have made some great social blunder if you disagree with her. She carries her point, not by the strength of her argument or her conviction, but because no one wants to be crude enough mention her glaring faults.

At home the puppy dog never raises her voice and, at a moment's notice, trots out her "poor little me; I am so simple and innocent, how can you help but love me." The puppy dog wants everyone else to take responsibility for her life. She has to be directed in the performance of any task. She has to be told when the family is going to eat. She has to be told what needs to be cleaned and what has to be done around the house and how to do each little thing. She has to be reminded again and again of any impending social engagement. If you forget to praise her or forget a

birthday or an anniversary, she will put on her puppy dog look as if to break your heart with pity.

With friends she is ever amiable. She is the person everyone wants to take care of and watch out for. She is always pleasant to be around; she smiles and is agreeable. She always tries to do the right thing, but is just slightly scatterbrained. The puppy dog rarely has enemies. It's just so hard to hate a puppy dog. For these same reasons, however, the puppy dog doesn't have any real friends either. She only has a kennel of playmates who collectively live in the dog house of life.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 5: Porcupine A Victim...With Thorns

The porcupine is a harmless little creature who just plods along. He's not out to do any damage to anyone. But try to get close to him and you will know that he is well protected.

Our porcupine thrives on aggression against himself. That is his safe relationship. He is always and perpetually ready to be attacked. If no one is attacking him then he may provoke it or, as a last resort, imagine it.

At the office our porcupine is a perpetual victim. "The circumstances were against him," or "he didn't get the breaks," or "someone didn't like him," or "someone else had an in." No matter what happens he is sure there is a plot involved. He was given a job because so and so was out to get him and gave him the job knowing that he'd fail. But the porcupine is going to show him, he'll do the job well just to defeat that so and so. If work is slow then it's because "they" are giving it to someone else. If a rush job comes down, it was planned that way to make him work late.

Being on guard all the time, the porcupine never answers questions directly. When you ask him something you are never quite sure whether you have been answered or not. In drafting a report, a memo or a letter, he has to do it again and again just to make sure he has corrected all the errors he knows are there.

The main thing about him, however, is that, at the least little provocation he bristles like his namesake. Whenever he is given anything, whether his own work or someone else's, he immediately looks for the error he knows will be there as a form of subtle sabotage. He is ever on the alert to figure out who is going to do him dirt and who might be scheming for his job. As a device he surrounds himself with weak people; or with strong people who he can misuse by not giving them jobs equal to their talents.

At home, the porcupine always seems to be bristling for a fight. It used to be said that he was going around with a chip on his shoulder, but there is more to it than that. While he views himself as soft and innocent, he is at the same time perpetually ready to be attacked. His wife is out to spend him into the poorhouse; his children are out to ruin his reputation; his in-laws are out to break up his marriage; his neighbors deliberately let the dog soil the front lawn. When his children don't complete a task satisfactorily, it is never because the task was too hard, but always because the kids are irresponsible. His wife is too demanding, his children are too noisy, the neighbors are not taking care of their property.

With friends, the porcupine tends to keep things continually in an uproar. Since he mistrusts everyone, he sows the seeds of mistrust wherever he goes. His friends soon come to have an attitude of mutual suspicion, and whenever they are together they are on guard. Sure that he is going to be attacked, the porcupine often provokes aggression by sticking his nose in where it isn't wanted. Then, when the attack comes, the porcupine can look fondly at his innocence and console himself by how victimized he is by everyone.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 6: Hornet What A Bitch!

The hornet is a nasty little beast. Alone it can sneak up on you and inflict a painful sting. Together with others of its kind, it forms a swarm. Seemingly defenseless, if you didn't know better you'd simply brush it away, but beware: you are in the hornet's way.

Through criticism the hornet defends herself. It is the adult equivalent of what children do in tattling on each other. If you can make sure that someone else gets the blame for the act then obviously you won't—this is the hornet's job in life.

So the hornet goes about dishing out blame for all to hear to make sure that no one blames her. One of her secret ploys is to criticize herself or deliberately invite others to criticize her. If she can plead guilty to a lesser crime, then you will not convict her of the greater crime.

In her most obvious form, the hornet is a gossip. She goes about deliberately finding every wrong-doer she can so she can hide in the crowd. She has many superficial relationships, none deep, and they are all designed to get information on others for her gossip. She particularly enjoys small gatherings of two or three other people where she can have "intimate" talks about the people who are not there.

To accomplish this at home she will talk to her children about the father, to the husband about the children, and to the children about each other. Pretty soon she has managed to make her house a place of mutual recrimination with everyone looking to accuse everyone else all the time.

Hornets come in two forms: the confessor and the collector of self-criticism.

The confessor-hornet gives the appearance of openness by seeking opportunities to confess her faults. She immunizes herself to criticism by taking continual small doses so as not to have any reaction to the big doses. The confessor hornet has a little trick which works this way: If I admit that I have done something, then it is over and done with and forgiven; then I can do it again. This is a technique commonly used by alcoholics and drug addicts.

Another variant is the criticize-me-hornet. She disarms everyone by inviting their criticism and, if they will not offer it, she will say it about herself. The criticize-me-hornet collects criticisms.

Both the confessor-hornet and the criticize-me-hornet operate pretty much the same way. At the office, she expects to do things wrong. If the job is simple she'll find some silly way to mess it up so she gets her daily

dose of criticism. If the job is more difficult she'll delay to the last minute. No matter what anyone else says she always knows her work is inadequate. Since she expects criticism, she doesn't know what to do with praise and tends to brush it off.

At home she bumbles through things, forgets tasks, burns the dinner, and seems unable to manage. She is quick to admit her errors: "I'm sorry the roast didn't turn out." Tasting it, her husband says, "No, dear, it's fine." "No, it isn't, you're just trying to be nice." In time, her husband and children learn to cooperate and give her her daily dose of criticism.

With friends the hornet produces a constant stream of harmless errors. She's late for appointments, she forgets things at home, she makes small social errors and then invites the condemnation with phrases like "that was stupid of me, wasn't it?" or "I never seem to do anything right, do I" or "I can't see why you put up with me, I'm so clumsy."

There is also another hornet species: the sneaky one. Like the gossipy hornet the sneaky hornet gathers dirt but waits until just the right time to sting you with it.

Around the office the sneaky hornet is particularly dangerous. She draws you into conversations and finds out about what you are doing and not doing and how things are going; and when she is ready...she knifes you in the back. The sneaky hornet is the office politician. Looking always for the vital areas, she moves quickly and thus gets you nicely out of the way of her next promotion.

At home the sneaky hornet builds up hurt points. She invites her family to let down their guard...and then she swoops down on them. She invites her child to go to the cookie jar so she can yell at him for taking too many cookies. She cooks a lot of food for her husband so she can criticize him for being overweight. She spends a lot of money in one area so that she can criticize her husband for not having enough to spend in another area. For example, she buys a lot of clothes so she can criticize him about the furniture; or she spends a lot of money on the house so she can criticize him because she can't buy clothes. Knowing that children get dirty when they play, she has her children change clothes well before they are going somewhere so that by the time they are ready to go the clothes are dirty. She schedules dinner for a precise time so if anyone is

even five minutes late, the dinner is ruined. She drives her husband to drink and then criticizes him when he drinks (the alcoholic's wife). She overprotects her children and then accuses them of clinging. She makes herself physically unattractive and then accuses her husband of not being sexually interested in her.

The sneaky hornet is ever alert to errors of social etiquette. She is quick to pick up on your slights, your mannerisms, your ways of doing things that differ from her own. She may invite friends to her home on two successive occasions so she can complain that they never invite her to *their* home. The sneaky hornet can be a real pain in the neck.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



Cage 7: Parrot Polly Wanna Crackup?

The parrot is famous for mimicry. You can never really get anything out of a parrot that you have not put there first. You'll never learn anything about the parrot from what it says—it will just repeat back to you what you said.

Parrots don't make statements, they only ask questions. They use questions to avoid exposing anything about themselves. A person can hide behind a question without having to expose what he really feels or thinks. And, if you only ask questions, you have a very nice technique for avoiding arguments. If someone does happen to become hot under the collar the parrot can back off with "I was just asking, that's all."

On the other hand, by playing the parrot you can manipulate the other person into all kinds of disclosures which you can use to maintain your safe relationship. A statement is a commitment—it says something about you. A question, however, can be phrased in a neutral fashion. It doesn't have to indicate where you stand at all. Answering questions with questions is in some ways the safest of all safe relationships.

At work the parrot loves studies—that is why he makes such a good bureaucrat. If he is subtle enough, the parrot can be quite a likable guy. That's because everyone knows so little about him that there is nothing

to dislike. The parrot, however, can also be extremely annoying. He rarely gives directions on a project and waits until you finish; then he asks you why you did it the way you did. People who work for a parrot feel as though they are never quite sure what they are supposed to be doing, and for what reason. Some people at work like to rationalize their parrot by calling it the Socratic method. These people are called teachers.

If you are especially good at being a parrot, you might be called a newscaster, an interviewer, an attorney, or a bureaucrat.

At home the main task of the parrot is to ask questions to avoid expressing a personal preference. "What do you want for dinner?" Parrot: "I don't know, what do you want?" The parrot takes every statement and turns it into a question.

Instead of "I would like to go to a movie tonight, would you like to go to one also?" the parrot says: "Would you like to go to a movie?" Instead of "I think we need new drapes in the living room," it's "Do you think we need new drapes in the living room?" Instead of "Debbie, you left your skates on the stairs, please go get them," it's "Debbie, didn't you forget something on the stairs?"

If the parrot ever has a preference, or a want, or a desire, or even an idea the most you are ever going to know about it is what you can infer from his questions. He will always go along. Anything is OK with him as long as he can avoid an argument.

And finally we have the listener parrot. He is the parrot that women and Dale Carnegie graduates are always told to be; he spends all his time asking questions in order to draw you out while he appears to listen with interest. The main thing the parrot wants to avoid is any sort of personal commitment or self-disclosure. Whether he is repeating other people's opinions, or citing endless statistics from the newspaper, or changing his mind to meet the situation, or simply just keeping his mouth shut and listening, the parrot will maintain his safe relationship.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 8: Peacock "I'm So Pretty, Oh So Pretty"

The peacock is best known for one thing: its colorful feathers. Outside of that showy tail the peacock would be a rather insignificant bird. But the peacock manages to show off and so gets itself taken care of and protected and has a nice, cozy home in our zoo.

The main task of the human peacock is to convince everyone how important he is. Whether the peacock really has the best plumage in town is not important. The human peacock is totally unaware of other people's plumage and he has convinced *you* of it.

The peacock doesn't have friends—he has investments. These investments are supposed to return dividends of praise. Some of his investments are supposed to admire his plnimage. Others are for bragging about. His wife, of course, is something *very* special...and his kids possess some *absolutely remarkable* ability or talent.

He is deeply hurt if things can go on without him. The peacock is usually a fairly insignificant person; truly big people do not have to impress. But to himself, the peacock is terribly important. Whatever the peacock does,

he has a tendency to overdo. If he gets sick he must have the most magnificent doctor in town. Every event must be significant.

Some peacocks use their position to draw attention, some use their power, some their contacts, some their physical beauty, and some their smartness. At work the peacock is such a common animal that to describe all the varieties would be tiresome. But let's look at a few of the more common ones.

There is the peacock who is absolutely indispensable. For some, this safe role is so important that they keep their work in a state of constant disarray in the hope that no one could take it over. The indispensable peacock likes to think that he is overworked. And no one else can handle as much work as well as he does.

Everyone can see how fine his feathers are. If the indispensable peacock works in a management position, he sets things up so that all work channels through him. We usually say of this animal that he can't delegate, but that's not really the case. He *could* delegate, but then he would not be as indispensable. And that is too close to his feared relationship.

Then there is the impressing peacock. Part of his plumage includes his salary, his office furnishings, the size of his staff, and the size of his budget. He likes to keep his office beautiful and organized so he can look down at those who can't run their sections as properly as he.

A relative of the impressing peacock is the mine-is-better-than-yours peacock. This peacock reduces everything to a contest. He competes with the person at the next desk; his department is in competition with the next department; his company is in competition with the next company. No matter what level he holds in the company, his scope reaches out to include his department, his section, his division, his company.

Interpersonally, he exchanges superiority-points for favors. He will be glad to do your work for you...if you acknowledge that you could not do it without him.

This peacock can turn vicious if not fed by praise. If a more brightly colored bird enters his territory, he will do everything possible to force the prettier bird to flee. He will try to make life miserable for him. He

will use rumor and innuendo—even outright sabotage—to get rid of the other bird.

The mine-is-better peacock is easily offended. Even a trivial failure to pay him proper homage can bring his wrath upon you. Everyone must recognize that he is at the top of the pecking order, and pay him homage...or be ready for his attack.

Then there's the know-it-all peacock. He is especially prevalent in technical areas of a business (such as data processing or engineering) and in sales. This peacock does not answer questions to communicate information, but rather to prove how much more he knows than everyone else.

At home the peacock is often in his glory, especially if there are children around. With children the peacock is *automatically* bigger and smarter and has more power and authority. That's one reason the peacock *has* children: to show off. Sometimes the children become an extension of the peacock. Then the children are under terrific pressure to perform. This is the story behind the little league parents, and the stage mothers, and the you-must-do-well-in-school parents. The peacock demands respect from his children—not because he has earned it, but because everyone should 'ohh' and 'ahh' at his magnificence.

With a spouse or partner the peacock has many variations. Here are a few: There's "what a hard day I've had," There's "no one appreciates me." And "look at all I do for you." Or "I can't seem to ever get any peace around here." There's "we have the neatest house in town," or "the most beautiful," or "the ngliest," or "the sloppiest." There's "she couldn't live without me," "this is the best relationship in the world" or "you are the meanest, most insensitive person there is." There's the social climber, the show off, and being the Joneses that everyone tries to keep up with. There is setting the fad and being stylish. There is being up on the latest news, and there's taking pride in never paying attention to that junk. And on and on it goes, impressing people, pointing out how his is better than yours, how indispensable he is, and how much he knows.

With friends, the peacock stays true to form. He has more friends than anyone else, or a higher class of friends, or a more select group. He can hold his liquor better, or he can get drunker. He can tell more jokes, he can dance better, he knows more places to go, he gives better parties.

He monopolizes conversations because who, after all, could possibly have anything of importance to say other than him. His children, his car, his home, his vacation, his love affairs are all so unique that everyone else must be dying to find out about them.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 9: The Albatross You Wouldn't Want One Around Your Neck

The albatross is also known as the gooney bird. Gooney birds look terribly funny when they take off and when they land. They are clown birds.

That is what our human gooney bird is: a clown. The gooney bird uses laughter and good cheer as his safe relationship. Laughter is a perfect safe relationship. Whoever dislikes the clown has to be an absolute boor. Remember the old line in westerns: "Smile when you say that, partner." That simply means that you can say anything if you cover it with a joke or a smile. So the way of the gooney bird is to turn himself or others into fools, using humor as a weapon and as a defense.

At work the gooney bird is the proverbial hail-fellow-well-met. As long as you do not have to spend too much time around him, he brings lightness and good cheer into the day. He is adept at making the clam open its shell, the porcupine shed its quills, and the peacock pull in its plumage. True, he can become somewhat tiresome, especially if the edge is off his humor. But what the hell, he's one fine fellow.

There is another species of gooney bird which one occasionally meets. This is the bird who never quite makes the grade. He tries to be humorous, he tries to liven things up and have an ever-ready joke; but he seems just unable to pull it off. Like all safe relationships, this gooney bird does not abandon his attempt to entertain. Instead he becomes a caricature of himself. Then his stories become trite, his humor off-color and his remarks more biting than funny. He consoles himself, however, with days of past glory and occasional good lines and continues to think of himself as terribly humorous and entertaining. But for everyone around him, he is simply awkward and something of an embarrassment.

At home the gooney bird is less enjoyable. After a while humor grows thin if that is all there is to a person. Humor entertains, attracts, enchant; but in the end it grows thin and of itself does not sustain a relationship. The gooney bird at home is a source of frequent frustration. Pretty soon the children or the wife or the girl friend have heard the same jokes enough times that they are no longer the least bit funny. But still he continues because this is the gooney bird's safe relationship. Soon the family starts to drift away, wanting to spend as little time as possible with the clown. The gooney bird becomes more frantic and tries to learn new jokes to bring home as prizes. They work once, if at all, and then are gone. The gooney bird is thrown back on himself and that does not make for much, for making himself or others into the fool is the only thing the gooney bird knows.

With both friends and people at the office, the gooney bird can be quite entertaining—if they do not know him for too long. Over time, they become like family and his storehouse of jokes is soon used up. Then his attempt to monopolize and control the situation becomes distasteful and he is gradually isolated from one circle of friends after another.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 10: Lemming "Hey Everybody, Follow Me!"

The lemming is a little animal that is famous for one thing: periodically it commits suicide in large numbers. The lemming, it would appear, has an urge to self-sacrifice.

So too our human lemming. She loves sacrifice; she is the martyr. She craves sympathy and tries to make others feel bad for her pain. The lemming knows she is good when she is feeling bad—that is her safe relationship. To her, sacrifice is more important than her own enjoyment. The lemming does not know how to pay attention to what she wants; she is trained to ignore her own wants in favor of going along with others. She will go along with the group, or with her family, or with her friends as long as she does not have to go along with her own wishes. If asked to make a choice, the lemming may do so, but immediately after feels unsure and even apologetic for having stated a preference.

The lemming comes in two species. The first seeks martyrdom for martyrdom's sake. The second seeks martyrdom as a way of making others feel guilty for her "pain."

At this point I would like to tell a story. A young couple who had been seeing me for awhile had an eight-year-old son. One day the son became extremely angry with his mother and started swearing at her. Normally, in this house (and properly so), no fuss was made of swearing. But in this particular instance some of the words the son used angered his father and he bawled out his son. The son felt hurt and wanted to hurt back. He adopted the lemming role: "I'm going to show you," he said, "I'm going out and destroy my bicycle." The father had learned about this game in therapy and responded by saying "Go right ahead, but then you won't get another bicycle for some time." The boy figured that was too high a price to pay, so he said "O.K., but I'm going to let the air out of my tires" So out of the house he stalked and efficiently took all the air out of his tires.

This is the essence of the lemming. To hurt and control others she hurts herself. The lemming counts on others being so concerned with her pain that they will sacrifice themselves for her in an attempt to relieve her of her pain. The lemming tries to use your strengths against you!

At work the lemming is overworked. It does not matter how much she does or how little she does, she is overworked. And besides, her boss doesn't understand her. Nor do a lot of other people. And there are lots of other things to complain about, too. It can be too hot or too cold. The lighting can be too strong...

The lemming loves to complain. She likes to tell everyone how hard her job is, how insensitive her boss is, how much she does for the company and how the company does not appreciate her.

The world of "social services" in government was made for lemmings. It lets the lemming feel she is giving up her own desires on behalf of yours.

At home the lemming is notorious. Children, of course, are required to be lemmings. It is their assigned task in life to give up what they want to conform to everyone else. They have to share their toys, they have to come in for dinner, they have to be quiet, and go to bed, and wash up, and do their school work. Fathers can contribute, too. They can sacrifice

their leisure and their interests and their money and their friends and their hobbies and their freedom. Mothers, though, can beat that. They can sacrifice everything that father can sacrifice *plus* they can give up their figure to have children. Home is just right for lemmings.

With friends the lemming—if she does not become too extreme—gets along beautifully. She forms a complementary relationship with hornets and porcupines and bloodhounds. The lemming loves to overcommit. She enjoys getting involved in so many activities that her energy is totally drained. She particularly loves charity work. After all, the more she sacrifices, the better she is. The nice thing about having a lemming for a friend is that she is always ready to do what you want her to do. The lemming does not demand very much. She asks for an occasional show of concern, a little bit of sympathy here and there, and she knows that her life is fulfilled in her ever-constant tragedy.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 11: Fox The New-Ager

The fox has a reputation as a wily creature. You try very hard to keep up with it, but it darts and twists and turns until it has you thoroughly confused as to where it went.

And so with our human fox. The human fox does not talk to you, he talks *at* you. Words, for him, are not a way to communicate, but a way to confuse, a way to keep people at a distance. Communication is the major way we have of reaching out to each other; but reaching out is a feared relationship for the fox. Words are a lair to hide in.

One favorite method of the fox is to overwhelm you with such a flood of words that, by the time he is through talking, you do not know what he has said. This particular method accomplishes several things at once. By slipping something into the middle of his statement and not giving you an opportunity to answer, he can pretend that you have no answer. Similarly, by making many points in his monologue and allowing you time only to respond to one of them, he can convince himself that all the rest of his points were accepted.

Another method is to act as though he didn't hear what you said to him. After he pours out his point and gets your response, he will go on as though you had never said a word. It appears that his only purpose is to hear himself talk, but that is not the case. His purpose is to use communication to hide.

The fox has a second lair, a second way to use words to keep you at a distance. This lair has two exits: confusing fact with opinion, and conversely, confusing opinion with fact. The fox likes to say things like "that's only your opinion" or "nothing is ever certain" or "everyone is entitled to his own opinion." This fox wants only opinion, not facts, so he cannot be held accountable for what he says. If statements are all only opinions, then all opinions have equal validity. Then you can never show him he is wrong or hold him responsible for being wrong.

The other escape hole for this fox is never to have opinions or judgments: everything he says is a fact. This know-it-all does not talk to transmit his

knowledge or to learn of yours, but only to demonstrate that you are wrong and he is right...once again.

That leaves us with only two more lairs for the fox: unnecessary generalization, and the quoter of statistics and trivia. The user of unnecessary generalization wants to be sure that no matter what he says, at least part of it is right. By using generalizations he doesn't have to think or differentiate or understand. He can just spew his conclusions in the broadest terms. If he is challenged, he can cite at least one case where it is true...as though one case were sufficient to prove all cases.

The quoter of statistics and trivia has a foolproof method of amazing and entertaining and ultimately staying in his safe relationship. He has lots of little facts always at hand that he can pull out whenever he feels uncomfortable in a conversation. Since he knows things that you do not, that makes him better. A slight variant of this fox is the person who avidly reads newspapers and news magazines and can at a moment's silence repeat for you the latest from *Peephole Magazine* or *60 Minutes*.

At work the fox is either terribly frustrating and almost unpleasant to be around, or is a very likable fellow. Many salesmen are foxes. The entertainment industry is loaded with them, especially the movie and music industries. Foxes can also make good trial attorneys. But the ultimate fox of all, need it be said, is that person who can talk for hours without ever saying anything, that magnificent spewer of verbal feces, the politician.

The fox at work loves conferences, meetings, or "kicking it around." If the fox has a good sense of humor or is a good storyteller, he is usually a pleasure to be around. If he is without these gifts, he's a terrible time killer. If you're in the mood to just sit around and kill time, he's a great one to get into a conversation. But if you're busy and need to get something done, then he can be awfully annoying.

At home if a fox has found another fox for a partner they usually have a very pleasant relationship. They both talk at each other incessantly and they have a happy house of babble. Their big problem arises when they run out of things to talk about. Silence is a feared relationship for the talkative fox.

Each variant of the fox has a particular animal that matches well. The fox who never listens to answers gets along beautifully with the lemming. The quoter of statistics and trivia does well with a puppy dog. The fox who confuses opinion with fact and fact with opinion gets along well with a peacock or a gooney bird.

With friends the fox is very much like he is at home. He picks people who complement his safe relationship. Because the fox uses words as a way to defend rather than as a way to communicate, all his relationships are superficial; and the major thing he seeks from other people is the illusion that what he says is actually worth listening to.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 12: Shark Mack the Knife

You might have known there had to be a shark. Well here it is and it is every bit as mean as it is cracked up to be. The portrait of the shark is not a pretty one. The shark is a killer animal; oh, not literally a killer, it is

just a person who thrives on the pain of its victims. For some it is physical pain—the traditional sadistic character—but for most, emotional pain serves quite well. This animal thrives on the murky depths of the soul. When necessary it uses physical violence to subdue its prey, but usually it wants to drag everyone down to its own level of despair.

At work the shark browbeats, bullies, and demeans until he has reduced those around him to a level at which he feels comfortable. In blue-collar jobs he complains incessantly, often covering over his shark character with the camouflage of “working conditions,” “safety,” and “management.” In an office he breeds dissatisfaction and opposes every move which will increase efficiency or productivity. This he will do in the name of any cause which happens to be handy such as unemployment, or ecology, or energy, or anything else he can dig his teeth into.

At home the shark destroys for the sheer satisfaction of destruction. He cannot abide happiness; he thrives on duty and sacrifice. If his children enjoy a toy, he will demand that they share it. If the woman he is with does something right, it will be ignored. If she does something wrong, he will make sure it does not pass unnoticed. As time passes and the pattern settles in, the shark can be subtle and effective in his destruction. With time and training, a slight sign, a look of patient tolerance, a hint of disdain in the voice will be enough to make sure that his mate or his children do not rise above the level of perpetual unhappiness.

In friendship, the shark is involved either with people he can degrade and browbeat, or he is involved in political causes and pals around with people who work for the same cause. Loving to destroy, he will use whatever weapons are at hand, from humor to guilt. With the keen sense of smell for which the shark is noted, he finds someone who disagrees with him and quickly condemns, never pausing to listen to another point of view. His objective is not knowledge or understanding, but simply to devour anyone or anything which stands in the way of his viewpoint. Politically, he is always a socialist of either the communist or fascist variety who prattles on about poor people and the social system. He hides his shark safe relationship behind the socially safe words of altruism. His real objective is not to raise people up, but to pull people down; not to make poor people rich, but to make rich people poor. Throughout, he is righteous. He is the lord of the sea and anyone who disagrees with him is a bigot or a racist or a reactionary.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

Cage 13: Hen and Chick Marriage in the Modern World???

I had some trouble naming this animal because, even though it is only one form of the safe relationship, you can see it in two exactly opposite forms. The hen treats everyone as though they were children. The chick treats everyone as though they were parents. There are hens and there are chicks and there are pairs made up of one hen and one chick; they go well together.

The hen likes to pretend she is grown up. If she treats everyone as a child, then obviously she must be a parent—and that means she is grown up. In reality she is simply playing the child's game of "house" with life itself.

The chick wants to be taken care of. If he is taken care of, then that means that nothing can hurt him, because who would ever hurt a child;

and it means that he is a good little boy because, after all, parents are only nice to good little boys.

The hen and the chick are a frequent scene in couples. It can go either way: the man can play the parent—I guess we will have to call him a rooster—and the woman can play the kid chick; or it can be reversed. The hen and the chick generally have little trouble in the world, because no matter which role a person plays, he or she can usually find someone to complement it. The hen can always find a chick and the chick can always find a hen.

An interesting variant of the hen and the chick occurs when both safe relationships are used by the same person. Someone I know phrased it beautifully when he said: "I'm her father and she's my mother." That sums it up. She approaches him as a chick asking him to be the hen; and he approaches her as the chick asking her to be the hen.

At work, the woman chick is so well known she is almost a stereotype. She is pitifully insecure and acts as though she were waiting to be found out on her last big blunder. She is always ready to give way to anyone else's opinions or wishes. She is a nice little girl who pleads with the world of parents that they not be too mean to her—for she is, after all, just a helpless little chick.

The man chick at work tries to pass his day with pleasant talk. He does well at getting along with people as long as he does not have a management or supervisory position. If he is given any responsibility, that puts him in the hen relationship and he is unable to carry through.

The woman hen at work is another stereotype. If she is in charge of a department then she demands that she be your mother-confessor to whom you bring all your problems. At one moment a comforting and protecting hen, at the next she is a vengeful parent picking at you and pointing out all of your failings. She wants everyone to be dependent on her—she is indispensable and how could you possibly get along without her. The female hen makes her coworkers her brood.

The male rooster at work comes in two varieties: the short-tempered tyrant, and the tolerant protector. For the short-tempered tyrant, it is only his enduring fond resignation which allows him to put up with your

inevitable blunders. Since he knows ahead of time that you cannot do the job yourself, it is only to humor you and give you a little practice that he lets you try at all before he has to redo it.

The tolerant protector also assumes that you cannot do your job, but that is what he likes about you. Being in his own mind a very tolerant person, he lets you do your best and then looks to praise you for your best effort —though he knows it is not good enough. To him you are like a third-grade, eight-year-old pupil who brings home his childish painting from school. It is obviously a little child's painting, but you praise the child to make him feel good. That is the attitude of the tolerant protector toward everyone. Of course, he hides his real attitude behind ideas like positive reward, or employee motivation, or morale.

With family all four relationships again take their place. The female hen obviously has a natural environment. She finds a mate who is weak to begin with, or she manages to reduce an otherwise self-sufficient man to the status of chick. She likes to express concern for what he is doing and especially for a problem he is having with other people at work. With her friends, she talks about him as though he were a poor helpless little child who could not put on his socks right in the morning if it were not for her. With her children she is overprotective and over-concerned. She calls it being a good parent. She objects to her children's making their own decisions because they are only children, you know. She is at her best when her children are sick, and some extreme hens adopt already sick children as a guarantee of their hen relationship.

At home the rooster finds a helpless chick who must be protected and taken care of. She can't make her own decisions, so he must make them for her. He calls this "being the man of the house." Whenever his chick does what he says, everything goes well. That is because he ignores any problems or errors that arise. But when she makes her own decisions or does things her way, he manages to find all the errors and problems; and the next time she should ask him first.

The female chick at home is the stereotype of the helpless female. The more she is mired in the chick relationship, the more helpless she acts. She clings to her man, she waits for him to come home and she tries piteously to please him. Any attempt to do anything away from him or

independent of him throws her into a state of hopeless mental confusion. She necessarily regards her man as essential to her physical well-being.

The male chick at home is henpecked. He is a darling little boy who can't wait to get home to mama. He brings her all his problems and troubles and waits for her to solve them. He regards himself as concerned for her feelings. That is the excuse he makes to himself to maintain his safe chick relationship.

With friends the hen and the chick are as monotonously the same as they are at work and at home. The hen, whether male or female, treats everyone as though they were children. The chick treats everyone as though they were parents. The chick is forever looking to everyone else to make the decisions and to take the responsibility. The hen, on the other hand, must make all the decisions and constantly check up on everyone to see that they have not made another silly error.

How well does this describe you?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mate?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your mother?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe your father?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7

How well does this describe _____ (fill in your own example)?

A Little.....A Lot

1 2 3 4 5 6 7



[Nick Tharcher here. When I first read this article I thought: "Clams and bloodhounds...in a zoo? A combination donkey, rhino, and ox? What's that about?" And as I read further, I noticed that I was feeling more and more confused.....and frustrated. (True, this is a state that Dr. Hyatt often aims to evoke in his readers, but this seemed way more than his usual...)]

I liked the overall metaphor of a "zoo"—complete with cages, "habitats" and keepers—as a model for human existence. And lots of the specifics made sense to me—but there was also a lot that just plain seemed "wrong." And then it hit me: it was an exercise all right, but not just the one I thought it was.

Typical Hyatt: packaging multiple messages within a message. Beyond the obvious (and useful) "classification" of people as having one "bent" or another, Hyatt is saying a whole lot about the use and misuse of metaphor. Read each section again. This time, at the end of each one, ask yourself: "How much sense did this metaphor make? How often am I distracted (or worse, taken in) by a questionable metaphor and miss the entire point? How many of my 'values' and 'ideas' are backed up by nothing but bullshit, chickenshit and lemmingshit?"]

I Ate Her Head And Everything Else

A Devil Worshipper Confesses

BY REV. S. JASON BLACK

Me and Greta

Once, a couple of years ago, I was talking with Greta Garbo. I was in the middle of a ten-day vodka binge, sitting in a nearly empty house, naked except for a pair of gym socks, with 1.75 Liters of vodka by my chair, and a jug of chocolate milk (which I highly recommend as a mixer).

I didn't really think Greta was there, any more than Jack Warner the night before, but I could see her clearly, and she was better company than most (except John Barrymore) though a trifle terse. She listened patiently to my railing against my moronic, genetically defective family and the cesspool of Midwestern American pretensions to middle-class culture. (Whoops! That's an oxymoron.)

Her eyelids were typically drooped halfway, and she leaned forward with her elbows on her boney knees. Her feet really were as big as in the old cartoons. Luckily for me, she did not drink vodka, as I was in no condition to go out and get more. Barrymore had been there the night before, and I was down to my last two jugs. After that, it was wine. Yuck. Fish fuck in wine.

She quietly suggested that I make some notes about interesting moments in the last twenty years of my life to get the redneck taste of Missouri out of my mouth. She may have said more, but by that time the projectile vomit was hitting the wall, and I couldn't hear her over the retching.

Prologue in a Dumpster

They found the frozen human head in the dumpster behind the Pizza Hut near the intersection of Santa Monica and Highland. The head could not have been there long, as it was late spring, and it was, as I said, still frozen. This is one of my earliest, and most poignant memories of Hollywood. The event took place sometime between 1979, and, oh, maybe 1982, and established for me the true romance of the place. After all, a body in a dumpster is hardly noticeable, and anyone can dump a severed head, but a *frozen* severed head implied a fastidiousness, a desire for freshness that implied the act of a gentleman.

The local news media went into a tizzy, since they had had nothing but filler on their programs for some time. You must remember, this was in the years before the first 24 hour news network, and the armies of hacks who turned Monica Lewinski into a year-long event were not quite what they are now.

In short, they thought they had a new serial killer out there, and the anchormen must have had boners beneath their television news desks.

As days went by, they gave us tantalizing hints of the former custodian of the head's past (they never found the body). He was, it seems, an occasional porn star. And not only that, he was a gay porn star. And not only *that*, he was a *black* gay porn star. The implication was that he had somehow brought this upon himself. In my twenty years in Los Angeles I have known a number of porn actors, all of whom retained their heads.

Ahhh, but they weren't *black* gay porn actors. Now, according to sages like Pat Robertson, who attributed a San Fernando Valley earthquake in the 1990's to the Valley porn film industry (the largest in the country) and called it a *pornquake*, participating in such things alone would bring down punishment from whatever demented being he worships.

In fact, there are two distinct explanations that occur to me regarding the presence of the frozen head behind the Pizza Hut. The first, the more pragmatic of the two, involves the mystery of how a head could remain frozen in full daylight on a late spring morning in a dumpster off Santa Monica Blvd.

My first theory is: joggers.

While at night, that section of the Boulevard was a buffet of male hustlers, in the mornings it was a quiet, usually sun-drenched stretch of sidewalk frequented by the occasional local jogger. Now, my idea is that a car pulling into one side of the back alley of the Pizza Hut and then out the other would be in great danger of being identified by multiple witnesses. But a jogger, trotting in for a brief whiz (I have pissed there many times) if he were innocuous enough, would, if noticed, be unidentifiable. Say, perhaps, he was wearing a small backpack. He could have trotted around back, slam-dunked the head into the dumpster and jogged out the other side with no one remembering. All you would need as disguise would be a pair of sunglasses and a baseball cap.

My other idea is my favorite: Explosive pernicious tension.

The idea—which I got from the sub-text of the news broadcasts—is that the emotional stress and subconscious guilt of being a *black* gay porn actor is so great that in some cases the neck will vaporize explosively, sending the head hurtling into the upper atmosphere, where it flash-freezes and returns to earth, landing in a dumpster or playground. Unless of course, it goes too high and burns up in re-entry.

The broadcast and print media waited with bated breath for the next victim, focusing particularly on West Hollywood, the "gay district" (yes, it was official, much to the chagrin of all the Russian Jews who lived there) of Los Angeles. It was, sad to say, a very long wait.

Then at last, paydirt! Although from a rather unexpected quarter. A youngish married couple had been discovered with the head of a 21-year-old woman in their refrigerator freezer, right by the Swanson's frozen dinners. While this was grossly disappointing to those hoping for a gay serial killer, they still had hopes for a porn connection. Alas, things so rarely work out for the best. Not only was there no connection to the original murderer, but this poor lone frozen head seemed to be the couple's only foray into the field. Perhaps they only wanted someone to talk to when they reached for the Haagen Daz at 2 am.

As for the first murder, it went unsolved, perhaps because it had never been a murder after all.

Explosive pernicious tension.

The Search for Self

On that same boulevard, a few miles to the East, there is a beautiful, long, low building designed in imitation far-eastern fashion. It had been there for many decades, so long that the tacky strip-mall and business sector had gradually built up around it. It is the *Self-Realization Fellowship* founded by the saintly Paramahansa Yogananda in the 1920's, one of the first to bring Hindu-style yoga to America. This same organization has a compound eastward in the country (or what now passes for it) where the body of this same sage lies in state, uncorrupted, and, some say, smelling of roses after being dead longer than I've been alive. Just like St. Theresa of Avila, only chubbier.

At any rate, the purpose of this organization, of high repute and still very active today, is, as the title of the organization implies, the unity of the individual with the true self, and the achievement of physical and mental harmony. Even I do not know what that means.

About three miles to the West, closer to the Pizza Hut, there is an enormous, almost featureless edifice, looming many stories higher than any other building in the area. I am convinced, but cannot prove that the Self-Realization Fellowship had a hand in its construction. On one side, several stories high in enormous red letters are painted the words "Self Storage." How convenient that on one part of Santa Monica Blvd. one can realize oneself, and only a few miles down the street, rent a place to store it.

Interlude in North Africa

Aleister Crowley, on his hands and knees, his sizable ass in the air and kaftan pushed up (or down, considering the angle) to his waist was being vigorously buttfucked by 13 inches of Muslim meat owned by the black boy he had hired as a guide and companion for himself and Leah Hirsig on their foray into the desert for purposes of magick and sundry forms of enlightenment. Leah was on the other side of the fire reading an Agatha Christie novel.

The faint desert breeze, comfortable now because of the season and the encroaching darkness, carried the faint perfume of shit mixed with the scent of the rendered goat fat that they were using as a lubricant. They had sacrificed the goat at the moment of orgasm while it was fucking

Leah. Crowley had corrected his Italian mistake by the discovery of a mixture of mild narcotics and liqueurs which upon being given to the goat, made Leah look like Dolores Del Rio. They then cooked and ate the goat as a Encharist, saving the drippings for Aleister's ass. The boy with the wang was now wearing the still-bloody goat's head as a crown.

Crowley was reciting sections from either the Arabian nights or the Koran in order to conjure up and command a local jinn. He wasn't sure which he was reciting from (perhaps both) as he had consumed rather too much hashish before embarking. The Muslim boy, presumably possessed by the spirit of the goat, was shoving away with vigor, disturbing Crowley's speech pattern, so that his rather high reedy voice came out in jerks interspersed with batches of goat meat. In addition, he was constantly struggling to keep his face from being shoved into the sand.

At last, with an un-goatlike yell, the seed of Mohammed shot his seed into the ass-pussy of the Prophet of the Lovely Star. Crowley himself, responding to the sensation of his superheated rectum, spewed the elixir of life onto the sand beneath him (Damn! He could have bottled and sold it!) and for a moment, directly in his line of sight, a whirlwind took sand up into the sky, lined against the moonlight, and he knew he had succeeded. Then it disappeared, he had the boy wipe his ass, and he ate more goat.

The Spirit of Jupiter

In 1978 or '79, I had only recently been inducted into a Crowleyan group in Southern California. I had already done some serious practice in spirit evocation with considerable success, that is, the efforts produced phenomena of the spiritist/ghost sort, as well as the requested results. I have referred to some of these in *Pacts With the Devil*, *Urban Voodoo* and *A Doctrine Damnable* (all from New Falcon). What I am about to describe more resembles Abbott and Costello meet Cagliostro.

This was probably the first time that I had attempted such an operation in a group. There were, as I recall, three other people besides myself involved. My apartment was selected, presumably because I lived alone, so wives/girlfriends/parents would not object. I had also constructed much of the necessary equipment including that remarkable rarity, a magic circle.

The idea was conceived by the head of the small sub-group which I had become involved with. It was done in imitation of one of Crowley's evocations, and like Crowley in the desert with Victor Neuberg, I, draped in a blue robe, was placed in the triangle of manifestation where I was supposed to be possessed by the spirit.

I have done stupider things, but in this case, being in the triangle of manifestation turned out to be the only safe place in the room. Aside from my location in a place no one should be, it was a fairly standard arrangement of circle and triangle. There were three people at the altar in the circle standing side by side.

The operation began and the central person, an occasional heroin addict and leader of a Crowleyan group that I joined, lit such an enormous amount of incense, that the tape we made of the ritual is notable mostly for my sneezing.

Nothing materialized in the triangle except a lot of mucus, but the circle was a different story. When the attempt was given up, the three people in the circle developed pains in their torsos, the high priest across his entire middle, the ones on each side with pains in their sides toward the priest. The priest went to the emergency room.

Nothing was found.

Episode in the Pacific

We were nine days out from Honolulu in the Pacific on a sail from L.A. to Hawaii when, at 0800, after a sail through the worst weather for the season in a century, we were hit by a telephone pole. Right by my head. I was sleeping in the forepeak and felt the impact directly, which is why I believe in levitation. I was up on deck with the two others immediately. We all had the same thought: whalestrike. Far more common than you think. What we saw amazed and horrified us.

A huge tarred telephone pole, replete with climbing spikes, had hit the boat head on. If it struck the fiberglass hull side-on with the spikes we could go down in minutes. It floated off to mate with the other telephone poles.

No one has ever believed us.

Hollywood and Sunset

Many years ago in the halcyon days of my youth, I took many psychedelic substances. Once, when I lived in Hollywood, I was peaking on mushrooms while walking west on Hollywood boulevard precisely at sunset, and was so struck by the sight that I stepped out and stood precisely in the middle of the street. By what I still consider some kind of miracle, there was no traffic in any either direction as far as the eye could see (but plenty of people staring in horror at what I was doing). That is still one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw.

Probably the 'shrooms.

I Turned My Boss into a Zombie

I once turned my boss into a zombie.

While I was working in the Sunset Plaza district near Beverly Hills for an obnoxious loudmouth of a manager (the actor's kind) I had become so stressed out by his flares of temper and blaming others for his mistakes that I decided to experiment on him. While he was out one day pretending to be competent, I retrieved a magical link with him from his desk. As I recall, it was a piece of note paper covered with his scribbling. I had just become interested in Haitian Voodoo (in those days there weren't very many books on the subject) and prepared a talisman to the Loa Legba. Attaching it to the "link" I doused it with various organic fluids and recited a charm in "langage" the magic lingo of Haiti.

When he came into the office the next morning he complained that he lacked energy, and thought he had the flu. If it was a flu, it lasted my time there. His personality had completely changed, and he became quiet and cooperative. When I left he probably reverted.

My Third Black Mass

My third annual Walpurgis night Black Mass and Satanic Buffet was my favorite, though not necessarily my best.

This was partly because that year it was held on Halloween, partly because of what follows: It was held at the rather enormous two story house of a man and his wife who were friends of mine and into the same things

(well, more or less) in the huge garage they used for rituals. My “priestess/assistant/altar” and I had set up a sizable altar in the temple area and everyone but me (dressed in virginal white) in their black robes gathered for the affair, wine glasses in hand. I was wandering around rather aimlessly when I heard a voice whisper “Jason, come here.” I will not identify these people, of course. “Don’t tell anyone I have this.”

He took me into the laundry room, pulled out a little brown bottle and a tiny spoon and filled both my nostrils with excellent cocaine. Did I mention this was the mid-1980’s?

We snuck out of the laundry room and, as I re-entered the main area, I heard a voice say, “Jason, come here.” This time it was a young lady who stealthily lead me into the downstairs bathroom and locked the door. “Don’t tell anyone I have this.” She produced a small plastic bag and laid out two lines on the marble counter. She produced a rolled up twenty, and we both laid to. We slunk out into the main area.

I was passing the stairs when I heard a voice say, “Jason, come up here. Don’t tell anyone I have this.” He took me into the upstairs bathroom, produced a bindle and laid out a line. I became a Hoover. We quietly exited. By now, my eyes were bugging out. I went to the kitchen and asked for a knife to cut the turnip we had chosen as the Host. (It’s traditional. Don’t ask.) I was handed a butcher knife, and exited to the temple.

This was the time of the very beginning of the so-called “Satanist panic,” and we were not aware that the neighbors were some form of fundamentalists who had carefully been observing all the black robes through the windows. The doorbell rang.

Bursting through the door without being asked in were two or three people with their own wine glasses, a smiling woman saying, “Are you having a party?” “Why didn’t you invite us?”

Upon hearing this, I entered from the temple eyes bugged out, unaware that the knife was still in my hand and hissed “Get them out of here!”

It only goes down hill from there, but the rumor mill had started.

Even a Man Who is Pure in Heart and Says His Prayers by Night, May Become a Poodle When the Poodle Bane Blooms and the Autumn Moon Shines Bright

Lon Chaney Jr.’s *The Wolf Man*. Hailed by fans and film historians like Forrest Ackerman as one of the great classics of horror and the supernatural in film. But this was when the movie could only be seen on the late show or at art theater revivals. With the advent of home entertainment and adulthood, it was possible to study a film that as a child I could only watch with glee. The plot is what has come to be the classic one (although not the historical one, in which werewolffery is an act of black magic) where the main character is bitten by a werewolf and becomes one himself. I do not know from whence this nation comes, the earliest version of the story probably being the superior *Werewolf of London* made by the same company about six years earlier.

Upon second glance, *The Wolf Man* has certain dystrophic qualities which make it surreal. The main characters, of course, are played by “Lon Chaney Jr.” (really Craetor Chaney) and Claude Rains, but from there things get distinctly weird.

The story takes place in a supposedly isolated English Village, where it is implied most of the characters, except Chaney, who went to America, spent all their lives.

Rains played Lord Talbot, and had an English accent. Warren William played the village doctor, and had an American accent. Ralph Bellamy played the constable, and had an American accent. Evelyn Ankers is an English actress who plays the daughter of the local antique dealer, and has an American accent. Her father is played by a character actor whose name escapes me, who has an English accent. Maleva the gypsy woman is played by Maria Ouspensky (the best role in the movie) who has a Russian accent. Her son Bela, the original werewolf is played by Bela Lugosi, who has a Hungarian accent.

Is this in another dimension?

Lugosi turns fully into a wolf. Chaney turns into a humanoid Poodle.

Somewhere or other I read that the makeup artist Jack Pierce, who also created Frankenstein and the Mummy, had really intended this makeup for Henry Hull in *Werewolf of London* but the actor refused to cooperate, thus creating the superior portrayal.

In *The Wolfman*, Lawrence Talbot is killed by his father in a Freudian display of violence. In *Werewolf of London*, Dr. Glendon is driven by sexual jealousy, and attempts to kill his wife. As Dr. Yagami, the other werewolf, says to Dr. Glendon, "The werewolf instinctively seeks to kill the thing it loves most."

The interesting distinction between the Chaney and Hull characters is that Talbot has complete amnesia after his change, and Glendon retains complete memory, but not control. And here, I think, the Chaney character strikes home. At least in my personal experience.

The Hull character is a form of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, losing control but remembering what he did. The Chaney character, however, was an expression of totally repressed impulses, so much so that his mind refuses to contain the information after the actions are done. But the actions had an allegedly unknown, but really calculated purpose.

This was my personal experience when I was at the peak of my alcohol abuse and at the peak of my personal anxiety and despair. I do not know, and frankly do not think, that mine was a common experience. I found, when I was trapped back in my own personal Heart of Darkness, from observation, that in sufficiently intense states of inebriation from alcohol, frequently ending in an unconscious seizure (mind you, this was not in public, but entirely in private) that I had managed to destroy some valuable or painfully constricted object, such as a magic circle, or a bookcase or a painting. This was clearly not done deliberately, but at the bidding of what seemed, and what I still take to be, an alien influence, planted in me from a painfully common source, to set out to destroy what I have accomplished. Like Larry Talbot, I would awaken from unconsciousness to find the *fait accompli*.

I want the reader to understand that this is not the same phenomenon as the drunk who has a car accident, or ruins his marriage but seemed to have a *specific purpose*. I honestly attribute this to two things: my psychic propensities and my extensive experience with hard-core occult

practices which enhanced my sensitivity, and the environment I was in at the time.

Like Larry Talbot, I had returned "home" due to obligations that if I had had any real sense I would have dealt with in a different way. I found myself eventually engulfed in an atmosphere of evil that someone I described it to compared to *The Amityville Horror*. I will not bore you with a history of my mother's family. But far too late in my life, I discovered the fact of a serious genetic strain of mental illness on the female side of her family. This explained everything, but at that stage of my life came too late to do anything but horrify. Think a redneck version of *Jane Eyre*. But what fascinated me even at the time, and still does, is the sense of careful purpose in the "accidents" that happened, again unlike the simple clumsiness of an ordinary drunk.

When I finally escaped, "it" followed me until my next birthday, creating accidents and coincidences (without the use of alcohol,) which I will not bother to relate here since many of you will have formed contrary opinions of disbelief already.

In an *American Werewolf in London*, an Englishman living in the village where the main character was bitten, said, "They's somethin' *wrong* wit' this place."

Like the village in *The Wolf Man*, atmospheres exist in certain places, haunted houses, places where there are standing stones, or, like where I grew up, rumored to be Indian burial grounds, where unacknowledged forces exist probably enhanced by the influence of events lived out by multigenerational occupants of the place.

And so, I come full circle to where I began this essay.

Oh, well, like I always say, "Life is a sea of unending pain, so you might as well relax and enjoy it."

The way that you walked was thorny, through no fault of your own. But as the river enters the sea, so do tears flow to a predestined end. Now you will find peace.

— Maria Ouspenskaya, *The Wolf Man*, Universal Pictures, 1941

ENTRAINMENT & THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ALTERNATIVE THINKING

BY HOWARD CAMPBELL

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVE, MEMETICIST,
CONVERSATIONALIST IN *POKER WITHOUT CARDS*

It can be stressful to hold an alternative perspective.

This is *Black Book V*. If you have worked your way through this series, you probably know many facets of this stress. Some counselors and even psychologists will suggest that this stress is all in your head. These mental health professionals will point to depleted energy as a symptom of depression, often citing the root cause as a chemical imbalance. This article argues:

- 1) The stress is not all in your head. There are physical causes for depleted energy that will not be cured by chemical balancing; and
- 2) The ramifications of squelching your authentic perspective may lead to substantively greater stressors.

I wish to examine how the physics of “entrainment” impacts psychology, generating symptoms many psychologists mistake as depression. In 1665, Christian Huygen coined the word “entrainment,” a word in physics used to describe the phenomena of cyclical energies recalibrating to fall into rhythm with one another. Entrainment is not a force of nature like gravity or magnetism, but the result of energy conservation.

Ever listen to an electric generator when a second generator is started up? At first, the purr of the first generator is obscured. Eventually, the oscillation of both generators will compromise and a new purr is estab-

lished—the two generators have entrained to a common rhythm. Female roommates are known to have their menstrual cycles entrain.

Huygen noticed that the clock in his study ran about a minute slower than the clock in his living room, every day. He moved the two clocks side-by-side and the discrepancy disappeared. They kept the same time. When he separated the two clocks, the discrepancy reappeared. Huygen saw that the clocks had formed a compromise. The clocks together ran at the same time, but they ran 30 seconds slower than his pocket watch. These observations lead to his discovery, or labeling, of entrainment, the tendency of cyclical objects to meld into a common rhythm.

What entrainment demonstrates is that even very subtle cyclical energies have a substantive impact on their neighboring cyclical energies. If reverberations from clocks have a tendency to entrain, it seems plausible that humans would also entrain.

However, it wasn’t until 1978 that Western medicine accepted that conscious thought affects biorhythms when a yogi placed himself naked in a small sealed Lucite box that was submerged in water for far longer than he should have had oxygen to breathe. Doctors had little choice but to concede that the yogi had intentionally slowed his biorhythm.

We have since proven that speech patterns affect biorhythms. You can prove this to yourself with the simple experiment below.

EXPERIMENT ON YOURSELF

Go to your local alternative bookstore and ask to use their biorhythm monitor. Get a read at your normal level. Choose a song you know by heart and say this song faster than normal for 30 seconds. Notice the tempo of your biorhythm increase. Next, say the song slower than normal speech for 30 seconds and watch the cadence of your biorhythm decrease.

Speaking slower does not always slow one’s biorhythm. Intentionally speaking slowly with a fast talker will increase your biorhythm relative to the cadence of slow talking in the experiment above.

There is evidence of large-scale human entrainment. The tempo of the American Southern accent is an amalgamation of the colonial British

rhythm of speaking and the various African rhythms as spoken by slaves of that era. The Southern accent demonstrates verbal entrainment. Since speech patterns impact biorhythms, it appears human biorhythms do entrain.

Entrainment is not a force but a phenomenon. Entrainment is evidence that energy conservation has occurred.

Holding an alternative perspective means you are processing information in an unconventional manner—your internal rhythm is different from the reverberations of those around you. Maintaining an unusual rhythm requires more energy than entraining with the thoughts of those around you.

But before you flock to the herd, bear this in mind:

Faking entrainment can lead to mental breakdowns.

This was inadvertently discovered by Dr. Saul Ash.

Dr. Ash had a person come into a test room, ostensibly to be one of six subjects in an experiment on eyesight and perception, but the study was actually designed to ascertain levels of compliance. The person was actually the only subject. The other five people were actors—students pretending to be subjects. All six were asked which line was the longest of four projected on a screen and labeled: A, B, C and D.

The first several times, the actors would all say that the “correct” line was the longest. Then the actors would say the second-to-longest was the longest. The point of the experiment was to determine incidence of compliance and seek any commonalities. Among those people who complied erroneously with the group—meaning that they would agree with the group instead of saying that the correct line was longer—about a quarter of this group had a mental breakdown within the next 12 months.

As Dr. Ash inadvertently proved, stating things differently than how you see them is dangerous to your health, provided you aren’t in a totalitarian government. The truth of the matter is that working in a corporation is akin to being in a totalitarian state. Just as in a monarchy, limited good

can come from questioning the reality of your boss, manager or any overlord.

Low energy may be a symptom of clinical depression. It may also be a symptom of fatigue from the extra energy required for alternative thinking.

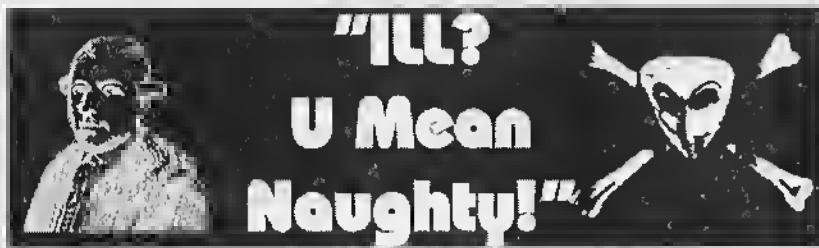
To stave off negative psychological ramifications, one needs to distinguish between what you hold as true and what you say for self-preservation. While somebody is neurotic to the extent they cannot say what they mean and mean what they say, ignoring the real power of overlords is hazardous to your stats. Instead, develop your own culture of support outside of your network of work contacts. Many people have found such support through local chapters of the Joseph Campbell Society, Alcoholics Anonymous, and Landmark Education, among many other non-religious organizations.

DISCRETION
THE BETTER HALF OF VALOR
<p>In most cases, it is financially prudent to get your psychological entrainment from people completely separate from your work. You met your colleagues through your paycheck-delivery mechanism—your colleagues are <i>part</i> of your paycheck-delivery mechanism. They may be well intended, however, chances are that they will become an Agent Smith if their paycheck delivery mechanism is jeopardized. More pathetically, if they are being ousted, they may grasp for entrainment partners and inadvertently take you down with them.</p>

The Black Book series endeavors to help you escape the mental chains of dogmatic thinking. Being authentic does not require you to be a martyr. If anything, we are encouraging you *not* to be a martyr. When you see the chains of another’s thinking and their subsequent slavish actions, keep it to yourself. Most people like their chains.

ILL? U MEAN NAUGHTY!

BY JONATHAN SELLERS



You can't run a country
By a book of religion
Not by a heap
Or a limp or a smidgeon
Of foolish rules
Of ancient date
Designed to make
You all feel great
While you fold, spindle
And mutilate
Those unbelievers
From a neighboring state

— Frank Zappa, *Dumb All Over*

I. "LIBER O. L. D." "The Obsolete Letter Days"

Project:

The best way to take down a rip-off artist is to expose him. That is, one who fears exposure, and most of them do. I mean you can only place so many funeral home ads in the retirement home newsletters before they realize it's a rigged game, after all.

Once exposed, the crook can be discredited and punished. That is not to say that we regard all criminals as "bad" and worthy of punishment. Quite the contrary, we feel it is through the criminal spirit (not necessarily the criminal mind-set, which might require absorbing a volume of case studies to appreciate and understand, if that is even called for), or through illegal (or tabooed) acts that the quest for true freedom can be pursued. (Parenthetical note from the District Supervisor: The monkey on the right shoulder reminds you that crimes are punishable by a guilty conscience and fear of retribution from on high...)

"Oh nooooo...." — Mr. Bill.

(Parenthetical Note part two: disregard the previous parenthetical note. It was slipped in by one of this reporter's late repressor agents.)

Anyway, to take away the power(s) that an enemy holds over you, deny that power's existence. What? No Norton removal tool available? Isn't it better to hack at it and get it and mince it to pieces, than to simply deny it? Sometimes it is, especially when it produces the desired result: the Shit-eating grin. This denial of that power's existence is a rather common belief, as can be shown in reams upon reams of psychological and metaphysical texts that have been penned, and made the talk show circuit... I mean, if she put those books under everybody's seat, they must work. Right? Uh huh, just as I figured. Wouldn't you been better off getting the Pontiac, instead?

What am I getting at? The bottom line? The hook? The closing point?

Well, if we want to be liberated from thousands of years of misery, why not only rewrite established history to fit our whims and desires...

Rewrite the Future as Well!

"By cutting in fragments from the past and present, bits of the future tend to leak in as well." — paraphrase of the Burroughs-Gysin shlick. And that is what is called Walking Loudly and carrying a BIG SH*TICK!

Yes, children, it is now time to recall the Board Books. To recall and REWRITE them, if a liveable and natural future is to be had. Hell, a reasonable PRESENT would be the ideal PRESENT, would it not? Of course it would.

Since sigils, talismans and other magical designs are used to identify oneself with the Macrocosm, man the Monkeycosm employs these elements, albeit in a carbon-copy fashion, not straying a pixel from the original designs in the old and moldy grimoires, to not only fix himself in relation to the Microcosm, but to effect change in his environment in conformity with his True Will and impress his "desires" upon the mass subconscious. Is this a load of tripe or what? What? No, it's not a load, but it sure doesn't get done, does it? Nope. I mean, you can go out to the big store and get all those witchcraft-for-bimbos books, and all the weak canine preparations that emanate from the midwest, but really, is that Magick? Or is that just a way of pushing merchandise so the "author" can get a small pissant pittance? Get the Big Book, the Ultimate Grimoire, and learn how to really use it. You know which Big Book we are referring to. After all, we enjoy shilling for a book that has worked time and time again: *The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic* by Dr. Israel Regardie. And you gripe at me for shilling. Tisk, tisk... Tick... Tick... Tick...

Magick has always been given a bad name and reputation by the proponents of belief and prayer: i.e., THE CHURCH. The Church invented a doctrine called "The New Testament" to gain temporary fulfilment (a feat always attributed to Satan and His "followers.")

[Oxymoron: How can "Satan" the Rebel Archetype, have "Followers"? That's just about like organizing a bunch of anarchists...or non-conformists!]

...and in so doing, offer a promise of not only "heavenly" rewards, but also a so-called Last Days epic production and the biggest courtroom drama to come our way since the O.J. Simpson Trial and *Law and Order*. (God might have preferred to have Perry Mason as the Defense Attorney, but got, instead, a Catholic Jesus created by the Public Relations Department in the latter half of the first century of the Common Era.)

If the Devil is called the "Deceiver" and "The Father of Lies" and other slanderous terms, just who is this ever-popular character?

THIS JUST IN FROM THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT: It was hypothesized and made Word that Satan, aka the Devil, Beelzebub, Deceiver, Father of Lies, et al., in his present belief-form, is also a

Catholic creation from the P.R. Department. Reports have it that obscure copy layouts were found wedged in between some old file cabinets and the wall when the janitors were shampooing the carpets.

It would seem to those of intelligence that the "Holy Bible" is nothing of the sort. Rather, it is some kind of Harlequin Romance for misery addicts, and those prone to wishing for catastrophes to justify their misery, their expenses, their inability to cope with an ever-shifting reality: in short, those who cannot embrace the emerging Chaos and exploit it for their own ends. What is emerging chaos? Does that need an answer? It has always been emerging! *Ordo ab Chao*, after all, wink wink, etc.

History is the biggest proof. The "Book of Revelation" which is held as a belief of things to come (and has been so for as long as it's been a book, and we don't mean 70 C.E., either, more like 370 C.E.!), is one of the major causes of all the world's problems. Let's face it: the three primary Religions of the Book can be seen to be the major causes of ALL the world's problems. Everything derived from these major three, especially so. What? Not the Babylonians, or the Persians, or the Greeks, or the "evil" Seleucids, or the Roman Empire? As former Mad Prophet, P.K. Dick once said, "The Empire Never Ended!"

The "Apocalypse" of John the "Divine" has acted to provide the world at large with a sigil/talisman that is so powerful, we have all the recent events we can think of that we can credit to its name. Not only that, we can call up the various sub-sects that have apocalyptic qualities—within Judaism, within Christianity, within Islam—that seek not to be peaceful and loving of humanity as their P.R. staff's assert whenever the violent track record of the past is brought forward.

Truly we would be amiss if we did not include other groups. They may not be religions of "Das Bitch", but nearly all the major religions of the world today are worthless cesspools of superstition. Are we saying it is better to be an atheist? Hell no! Do we need the Religions of the East, more than we need those of the West, North or South? Hell no! Is not atheism itself a form of belief? "I believe in no god," after all.

What does it matter, when the bad hair day comes? How much are these beliefs worth? Will these beliefs get the thermostat replaced in a 74 Mustang II? Well, I guess after so many times of banging the head on the

air conditioning compressor and yelling "God Damn it!" long enough, it might create a temporary trance-like state, but that is probably due to the endorphin release from the pain and anxiety expended on fixing the worthless lemon. Will these beliefs keep a wall of milk crates utilized as a book-case from crashing to the floor? Not on your tin-type, girlie-girl! Look; which Team is "God" for? The Yankees or the Dodgers? Isn't it ridiculous!!!!!! New York City???????

Gene Scott frequently says, "It's time to quit talkin' an' start doin'!" Or, as Stefan of Tuzla once said, "Why Believe, when one can just BE. Leave it at that!"

There are those of us who, instead, would prefer to develop ourselves, free ourselves, enjoy our fleshly existence, and maybe even incorporate a mystical side in the process.

In Brother Mad Prophet Leary's words, it was SMI²LE: Space Migration equals Intelligence Increase plus Life Extension. Well do we really want to leave the planet? Will that really be a solution? Where to go? Mars, to be slaves building the facility for the Colonists? Hmmmmin...

Even so, Space Migration (except for Extra-Territorialism) was considered EVIL by the religious authorities (until the Vatican and other interests got a handle on it, as is usually the case), and Intelligence Increase and Life Extension still are considered as such. Let's face it: all we are supposed to know is that Jeezis is our savior and that we will go to "hebben" (so that takes care of Intelligence Increase and Space Migration), but only if we accept what it say in Das Buch. By accepting that, we can mow down as many people as we want no matter what.

The best way to take down a rip-off artist is to expose him. Once exposed, the crook can be discredited and punished.

In our own time, the crook(s) have been exposed, several times. They are still in power, and have regained popularity. It is high time this whole nasty bag of tricks be blown sky high. The Emperor has no clothes, right? It is clear to us what roles they play in the script they wrote and keep acting out.

Can you dig it?

EXERCISE: Create your own apocalypses that don't require the type that most apocalypses do. If belief is necessary, use it as a tool rather than a way of life. With the present environmental scenarios, economic scenarios, et cetera, one can be realistic in making projections. What happens by mid-century when resources dry up? Do we really want to be Greens, and find new things to abstain from? Do we want the typical misery-drenched, science-fiction, post-apocalyptic scenarios? Perhaps some of this is necessary, but is all of it? Ever see the Windows 95 era game, called "The Journeyman Project"? Some interesting parallels to the way things are shaping up in that game...

Now that you've used Apocalypse Creator Program version 0.0.9.1, build 247 beta, what comes about? The line from the Rush song, Change, "The More Things Change, the More They Stay The Same" [Drummer and Lyricist Neil Peart was deeply influenced by Ayn Rand, by the way] makes sense here.

Find and Reveal to the world, your Mad Prophets. We are Legion®.

Next, now how do you feel?

The final exercise in this segment: Aren't there better things to do than wait for the end of the movie? Just turn the movie off and eject it from your player. Put a better movie in. Put in one that suits you. Or, get up off your ass and get a life.



II. The Hysterical Lekshun

Seriously, folks, let's now give a brief summary of some of the milestones in the culture of "un-Belief". Un-Belief, like the Un-cola. Is yours Set, or Set-free?

Perhaps one of the most significant milestones to us in the West, (at least one of the better-known milestones)—is the philosophy of the Isma'ili. "Nothing is True, Everything is Permitted" is the paraphrase. This statement is rather the summit of a rather complex philosophy and system of "religious" behavior. I place the word "religious" in quotes because it is not really a "religion" "per-se." In the early phases the Probationer/Aspirant/Candidate is brought in gradually, by an "Insinuating Brother", much like the later Illuminati of Bavaria. The Illuminati is, of course, another bump on the number-line of dates. 1776. Are there any connections between these? We are assured that all these things are what's responsible for the evil in the world, by the Imman mutton that swills down the Nesta Webster and David Icke speels.

There are actually a number of connections between the Isma'ili current, and the West, going back to the Crusades. We have been exploring this trend in our work "Qadosh: the Johannite Tradition" at Antiquities of the Illuminati (www.antiquillum.com), and during the 2005 Season shall be finishing it.

The Crusaders encountered the Assassins. They pretended to be a rather obscure sect called the Nusairis. Or was it the Nusairis pretending to be Assassins or Isma'ili? Good question! These Syrian sectaries pretended to be Christians. Primitive Christians. Get it? The "Primitive Christians" and the Crusaders had similar objectives in mind: the Creation of a Secular State in Palestine and the undermining of the Catholic Church. The Isma'iliis wanted to do the same thing to the Sunni branch of Islam (and even to the Twelve Shia branch of Shi'ite Islam). The founders of the movement came from Persia. They did not like what the Orthodoxy had done to destroy their culture. Who can blame them? They wanted to restore Magism to its proper place.

Things can be said against Magism, at least the Zoroastrian form of it. It had become, during the Sassanid period, a mass of superstitions, and cannot be compared to the original Magism of the Chaldeans.

Over time the Bektaishi Order of Dervishes would spring up from the sect of the Alevis. This would spread across Turkey and the Balkans. Through a form of it, known as the Hurnfi movement, it reached the Bideles di Amore in Italy at the time of Dante Alighieri.

Also the Dönme sprang out of two important movements: the Bektaishis and the followers of Sabbatai Zevi, the Mad Prophet of the 17th Century, who turned coat on the good Jews and converted to Islam rather than risk his life. The Dönme are crypto Jews who adopted the cover of Islam. This led to an important development in the sect of Jakob Frank, who was a real riot of an set.

These various movements led eventually to the cultivation of these ideas in Europe, in the 18th Century, particularly in France. There was an anti-nomian spirit in France already, in the form of Quietism, and in the form of the Brothers and Sisters of the Free Spirit, albeit a rather insane form. This led to the French Illuminati, first, (including Swedenborgians, Martinists, Martinists, Willermozists, etc.) and then the Bavarian Illuminati, said to have been founded by Adam Weishaupt, but really operated by him under orders from the Lodge at Munich.

Where does all this dry history shmistory lead? Well really, it leads us to the present.

Other components, but lesser known today, include persons like Joseph Hammer von Purgstall, whose Mystery of Baphomet Revealed may have appeared to be a condemnation of the Templars, but really was a call for people to develop an interest in the ancient belief systems from the past that were all but snuffed out by the Church, including that of the Ophites, or Serpent-Worshippers.

Is that not where our un-Belief cult originates, really? Among the Gnostics, those who could just say K-N-O-W, and mean it!

So, when those who wait about getting back to Traditional Family Values, Christian Values, Traditional Values, and all the rest can't seem

to shut up, remember what Traditions are just as ancient, as traditional, as valuable as any of these.

Rather than the long and boring monologue about the British Rosicrucians, the Golden Dawn, Crowley and the O.T.O., what need is there for that, when this precious current bypasses them all, yet includes some of their number? Indeed, it is to the Mad Magicians of the Middle East that we can draw from, for it is there that Brion Gysin and many others derived their magical philosophies, and it is these luminaries that we today regard as predecessors in this Great Work.

We recommend people obtain (via the Web and other sources no doubt) Ryan Parker's essay on the Necronomicon Mythos and H.P. Lovecraft, because it describes some very potent concepts regarding Arab Magical traditions that exist as foundation stones for just about all we have described above. Similarly, Edmund Doutté's work on Magic in North Africa, can be found, (in the French language). It describes in detail this North African magic. After all, didn't "Frater CRC" go to Fez? You bet he did, at least if his story is true. And didn't he spend time in Southern Arabia, as well? Right again, learning from the Wise Men of Damcar, who were these "Mad Arabs" in what is now known as the Yemen.

So, that aside, let us resume silliness and dispense with the pomposity of the Hysterical Lekshun!

Smote that bee!



IBLIS.

SA-SHU-AH

BY CRAG JENSEN

Close your eyes, relax and float down stream

Open your mind, sit back and lose yourself in one more curious, cosmic reverie of dreams.

But whatever you do wherever you go — don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself.

(How high can we really go? Is Hell all that far below?
Sometimes I don't think so.)

Lift your head, open your eyes and take a look.
Fall out of bed

And reach for Dr Hyatt's much acclaimed, underrated, blasphemy of a book.

But whatever you do, wherever you go — don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself

(How high can we really go? Is Heaven something we'll ever know?
Somehow I don't think so.)

Friday evening in a restaurant — eating silly things that we just don't want
It's our favorite new game.

(More fun then even dancing in the rain.)

Sunday morning all dressed for church
We didn't have to go so we hung in the church
'cause we're all insane.

(Better off crazy then all rapt in guilt and shame)

Robert said something about "Maybe Thinking"
I said "I don't know,"

He said "Zehm, well — that's correct (correct, correct)."

(Maybe, maybe, maybe is all that we claim)

Francis said somethin' over a plate of mushrooms
While watchin' 21 he screamed "let the kids enjoy some sex (sex, sex).¹"

(Maybe it's you who needs to change your brain.)

But whatever you do wherever you go — don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself.

Hello — I am the man on the Radio
I am the man on your television News Channel
I am the man behind the pulpit and the man who works for the
Government
I am the man whom you must believe in because I am the man whom
you fear the most
I am — alas — the man who has been planted inside your head since you
were too young to even talk — to walk — to reason or to question.
Yes it's true — I am the man who never tires of telling you what to do —
how to act — how to dress — how to behave — how to think —
how to vote — what to eat — what to buy — what to believe in —
where to go — when to go — and how to go.
I am the man who sits inside your head and dictates — dictates —
dictates. I am therefore — and in essence — your personal —
government approved & church sanctioned — dictator.
I am not you but I will be all that is left of you at the end of the day
because you have long since relinquished the responsibility of being
whom you really are because it is much, much, much easier to listen
to and obey me — rather than to break free of me and actually
accomplish something worthwhile in your — so-called life.

Life — life — life
No don't waste it
Don't be a slave to your programming — anymore
When you can open — yes you can open the door.
And set yourself free.

You are the prisoner, the guard and the jail
You are the bailiff and the judge who sets bail.
Only you, only you can set yourself free

You are the villain, the victim and the crime
You are the glass, the drunkard and the wine
Only you, only you can set yourself free.

And when you finally find — the precious jewel within your mind
You might be surprised — at what you've realized

Your life is all for you — so no matter what you do
To save your soul — you only need to take control

No one knows you better than you do — what's best for you
Only you can discern — from all the things you've ever learned

And though I wish you well — only time and work will tell
Just how you will fare — true success is all too rare

But whatever you do wherever you go — don't forget
To keep on undoing yourself (undoing yourself, undoing yourself —)

¹ Actually, his exact words were "Let them FUCK!"



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***To Know - To Will
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